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Book 1

AN ADDRESS

BY

COL. DANIEL R. BALLOU,
OF PROVIDENCE.

IN TOWN HALL, BRISTOL, R. I..

ON

◉ DECORATION ◉ DAY, ◉

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ADDRESS.

MY FELLOW-COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

THE circling years are swiftly bearing us beyond and afar from the warlike scenes which we commemorate on this day of glorious memories and heart-touching ceremonies, and we are sadly reminded that the stirring events in which you, my comrades, participated,— to us the familiar scenes of yesterday,— are, to the generations pressing on to man's estate, but the wonderful incidents of history, or the stranger revelations of tradition.

Silently, as the flowers of the dawning summer unfold their beauty and exhale their fragrance, the soldiers of the grand armies who achieved the national honor and unity, and gave to its history an imperishable glory, are rapidly passing from the theatre of their great deeds, to join the shadowy throng that files in ceaseless procession out into the boundless realms beyond the stars. When the door of the tomb shall close upon the last of the survivors of the Nation's defenders, will the same little flags mark the resting-places of our hero dead? Will loving hands, moved by grateful hearts, strew them with sweet flowers, and wreath the monuments of those who fell on fields of honor with emblems of glory and love? It is hard to believe that these affectionate remembrances will fade away amid the onward surge and whirl of the Nation's progress. But these observances will cease, while the Nation will, as it has in the past, grapple with the great issues of the future, as it rises and falls upon the great tide of events.

As the Nation moves grandly and surely forward to its great destiny, a hundred years are but a single day in the purpose of its life. When its population has grown to a full hundred mil-

lion its immeasurable resources will yet be unexplored, its vast territory yet unsettled. Who can measure the experiences through which it will pass, or foresee the events before which the past, with all its glory and its pomp, is but the skirmish line to the opening conflict? You must, therefore, my comrades, bow submissively to the inevitable, and rely upon the remembrances of history for your rewards and your honors. When you shall have passed away, and not one of your glorious number is left to tell the story of your valiant deeds, tradition will vaguely point to your neglected graves, as they slowly disappear beneath the soulless heel of advancing time; — then,

“Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats;
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins.”

Let us then rise to the higher sentiment of the hour, and let these touching rites teach the lesson that the order by which they were decreed wisely intends. While we point to the glorious deeds of our dead comrades in arms, and tell the story

“Of hair-breadth ‘scapes i’ the imminent deadly breach,”

and of their stern devotion to their country and its flag, the fires of patriotism will kindle in the youthful heart, and awaken within it a love of country that shall redound to its future greatness, its honor, and its glory. With what awe-inspiring emotions have you not looked upon some war relic of the Revolution? An old rust-eaten flint-lock musket, and heavy enough for modern ordnance, had often inspired you with patriotic thoughts, and a pair of leather breeches thrown you into transports of enthusiasm. How many times have I in my childhood hung upon the lips of an aged woman who was wont to relate scenes and events of the Revolution which she had witnessed in her youth.

It was as the voice of one from amid the scenes glorified by the heroic deeds of the fathers of the Republic. What soldier did not, amid the fire and carnage of the red stained battle-fields of the war, feel his blood quicken at the thought of *Bunker Hill*, of *Lexington*, and *Yorktown*! So will the future heroes of the

Republic, amid the surging blood-waves of the fiery conflict, as the red spray of battle breaks over them, feel their courage strengthened and their hearts grow stouter, at the thought of *Antietam*, of *Gettysburg*, and the *Wilderness*. Let us then continue these annual observances, not in the spirit of self-glorification and display, but rather that we may inspire in the minds of the young a veneration for the deeds of the brave men who sacrificed their lives upon the altar of the country that their country might live, that the same noble sentiment and purpose may animate them in the hour of national peril ; then, as upon each recurring year, when the unfolding summer, radiant as the rarest jewel in setting of emeralds, yields its wealth of clustering freshness and fragrance, let us gather its choicest treasures, and, weaving them into garlands and wreaths, bear them with reverent steps, and tenderly place them upon the cherished graves of our dead comrades. Then you may cherish the hope that when the last survivor of the loyal soldiers of the *Union* shall have responded to the final roll-call, that shall summon him to the realms of eternal peace, your children and your children's children may with the same reverent hands and grateful hearts gather the same heaven-kissed blossoms, and strew them with affectionate remembrances upon the soil that covers you. You, surviving comrades; you, sonless fathers; and you, childless and widowed mothers, when you have returned to your homes with the tear-stains fresh upon your cheeks, gather the young about you and tell them the story of that eventful period in our country's history which we this day commemorate. Tell them how your sons and your husbands, your fathers and your brothers, reared amid the happy atmosphere of peace and the comforts of home, sprang to the ranks of Father Abraham's three hundred thousand more, and how amid the smoke and red glare of battle they yielded their precious lives a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country, that they may be taught

“ How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle, for their native land.”

A nation's glory and strength and greatness lie in the love which inspires its people. With a nation founded upon the true principles of justice, of humanity and mercy, this sentiment of devo-

tion will abide in the hearts of its people, so that when confronted by dangers or menaced by foes, stimulated by love of country and inspired by the deeds of its heroes, they will render it invincible and unconquerable. The American Republic was established by the fathers upon the grand principles of liberty and equality. Love of country thus became the crowning virtue of the people, so that when the hour of supreme danger came, animated by this sentiment and inspired by the invincible valor which the loyal soldiers of the Republic have displayed upon a hundred battle-fields, treason fell like a broken reed before the unconquerable spirit of the national arms.

One stands appalled as he scans the awful record whereon is inscribed the vast sum of precious lives and treasure that it cost to preserve the heritage of human liberty. We bow in sadness, and our tears moisten the graves of our dead comrades, as we recall the seas of blood that deluged our unhappy country, and the cries of human woe and anguish that rose from every fireside during the starless night of our national peril. It was a fearful cost, but the results were well worth the sacrifice. After seventeen years of peace, you, my comrades, understand the magnitude and the significance of the results that have followed the war. Whatever may be said of the terrors and inhumanities of war,—and it is an event to be deplored, and if possible, averted,—yet it is historically true that nearly all the great reforms in national progress have been accomplished through its dread arbitrament. The right of trial by jury was secured to the English people only after a hundred years of bloodshed and devastating war. Christianity established itself upon the crumbling ruins of Paganism after centuries of bloody strife and persecution. Protestantism in its turn suffered the same bloody experience, the appalling events of which are almost within the recollection of a living generation. “Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,” so out of the blood of the innocents the Prince of Peace has revealed Himself a clearer promise to benighted man.

Our own early history illustrates still further the lesson of war's effect upon human events. A weak province of four million souls waged with unequal hand a sanguinary conflict of seven years' duration against the mightiest empire of the world, but the

spirit of human liberty was invincible before the proud legions of the haughty Briton. I need not recite to you the grand results of the terrible conflict in which you, my comrades, played so important a part; they are fresh in your recollections. There are other results that followed the war, to which I desire to briefly call your attention. For the past twenty years the volunteer soldier has been a conspicuous figure in the progress of national events, not as the representative fighting man who has extended the domain of his professional calling to the plane of art, but as a sort of missionary, who has quickened the pulse of enterprise, and of moral and intellectual growth. As we turn back and glance at the record of twenty years ago, we shall be more than ever surprised at the rapid strides we have made as a people, not only in culture but in material development and prosperity. When the war broke out, the average citizen of the North received his brother of the South as a sort of cadaverous, lantern-jawed specimen of humanity, with long flowing hair, who breakfasted and dined on fire, a kind of volcanic arsenal, bristling with revolvers and bowie-knives, to offend whom signified instant death and destruction. With this picture in his mind, who can tell with what mingled emotions of duty and distrust the simple-minded backwoodsman of Maine, and the honest farmer of Vermont and New Hampshire, who had never been beyond the shadows of their balmy forests and rugged hills, enlisted to fight such monsters upon their own vantage ground. While on the other hand, our brothers of the sunny South, less favored by education than were we of the North, believed either that we were a mob of cowards, or that we were a sort of nondescript, with *hoofs* and *horns*. It was once related to me by a Northern man, then residing in Georgia, that he was stopping in Atlanta, early in the war, and in a conversation with the landlady where he lodged, was informed in apparent sincerity, that the *Yankees* had *horns*, that they were coming down to steal the niggers, and that they, the people in Atlanta, were going to raise men enough in that place to go up North and kill the whole crowd. This good lady doubtless got her information corrected before Sherman commenced his memorable excursion from that now enterprising and historic city to the sea. How changed is all this now; the honest toilers

of the North went out from their farms, their workshops and their factories, and met their Southern countrymen on the field, and though armed foes they learned to respect each other. At the same time the soldier from the far West fraternized with the soldier of the East, and each shared with the other the hardships of the field and the march. A new world was revealed to the soldier, and the current of his thoughts quickly turned into a new and broader channel. Within him was awakened a clearer understanding of his relations to his country, and an enlarged sense of his capabilities, induced by intercourse with his comrades in arms, and the knowledge acquired of his country and its people. Thus were ancient prejudices and false notions soon leveled by the rough experiences of war. At the close of the war very many discharged soldiers from New England sought homes in the South or in the far West, and thus the spirit of national enterprise and progress has been quickened and vitalized by the infusion of New England thrift and life into the national veins. The result has been that the country has advanced in material development and wealth to a point fifty years beyond what it would have attained without the quickening effects of the war.

For a moment let your imagination take flight with me to the great central elevation that overlooks the continent. From these heights let your eyes sweep its broad expanse of mountain and prairie, of lake and river. Give your mind free rein, that it may compass the magnitude and vastness of the national domain. Then mark the monuments of human industry and enterprise that almost rival the fairy tales of the *Arabian Nights*. Far away from where the shadows of the great continental divide whereon you stand fall upon the plains below, even unto the shining shores of the blue Atlantic, you behold spread out before you the vast field wherein the American people are working out the great problem of self-government. Scattered over it almost as thickly as the stars that stud the arching heavens, are its great cities and towns, the seats of its commerce, its manufactures, and its schools. The smoke of its great workshops, of its steam-vessels that cleave the vast waters of its lakes and rivers, and of the ten thousand locomotives that speed up and down the network of railways that thread its smiling valleys, almost obscure

the vision, and you bend the ear to catch the great throb and pulsation of the national heart, as it rises and falls to the measured current of activity that moves the national life, but no sound breaks the profound stillness of the mountain air. Now let your astonished eyes trace those dark lines threading their converging ways across the great *Father of Waters*, up and over the broad plains that rise in gentle undulations to the altitudes whereon you stand, thence down through the desert wastes of the great valley beyond, now winding along the crests of lofty mountains, and now skirting the shadowy depths of frightful cañons, and you will behold two great lines of continental railway stretching from ocean to ocean. Far away to the eastward you can trace two or three other lines in process of construction, pushing rapidly across to the great Pacific, to where its mighty waters are yet scarcely fretted by the winged messengers that shall in the future freight its golden shores with the wealth of Eastern Asia and the great islands of her distant seas.

Now let your eyes, inspired by these magnificent scenes of human courage and skill, sweep down the great mountain chain that rears its snowy peaks in majestic silence far above the rifted clouds, and the same marvelous exhibition of human enterprise and industry is visible, skirting their dizzy altitudes, over whose steel-girt tracks will soon be borne to the home of the Aztecs the more progressive civilization of the American Republic. Clearly identified with this last great enterprise, you recognize the typical citizen-soldier of the Republic, whom the nations of the earth with one accord proclaim the greatest *Captain* of the age, and whom as a comrade in arms we all love and delight to honor. Such are some of the grand results of American resolution and enterprise that mark the era succeeding the war. The great system of trans-continental railways which stretch across the continent, had its inception in the national necessities by which it was greatly embarrassed during the period of the Civil War. The keen foresight of American statesmen clearly saw that the territories lying west of the Rocky Mountains even unto the Pacific coast, were, on account of their remoteness from the great centre of population, in serious peril, and might be again. Had the South been able to have held out until France could have

secured a permanent foothold in Mexico, what might not have been the fate of the southwestern territories and the whole Pacific coast? In view, therefore, of a great national necessity, as well as to open up the vast resources of a continent to the benign influences of civilization, the government generously lent its aid to the prosecution of these great works, until now, at the end of less than a score of years, the remote and most inaccessible confines of the national domain are, or soon will be, tapped by a magnificent system of trans-continental railways. With a foreign foe menacing the vast coast line of the Pacific, or moving towards our border from Mexico or British America, the government can move its troops from the Atlantic seaboard and set them down at the remotest point in the Republic within the limits of a week. Who can estimate the magnitude of the sum of wealth and strength and happiness that will in the future flow from these great works, to bless the future generations of our beloved country. While these advantages have ensued as compensation for the great sacrifices which the Nation has suffered, the lessons that war has taught us have been no less instructive and valuable. It gave us what we lacked before as a people—confidence, self-reliance, and knowledge of our strength. When the Civil War was precipitated upon us we were wanting in the experience and discipline of maturer years. Our growth had been rapid and almost abnormal. We had devoted ourselves and our energies rather to the acquisition of wealth and the arts of peace, than to the cultivation of warlike pursuits and the development of the national prowess. But the exigency of civil war which suddenly precipitated itself upon the people, although it appalled us, soon proved that the fathers had builded the structure of government upon a true and firm foundation. It did not appeal in vain for support, for it rested upon the intelligence and in the affections of the people. Never before in the history of nations had great armies been recruited, equipped and sent into the field so quickly. On the 15th of April, 1861, the gallant war-governor of Rhode Island telegraphed Citizen Burnside: “A regiment of Rhode Island troops will go to Washington this week; how soon can you come on and take command?” The answer flashed back: “At once.” Such was the spirit of

readiness that seemed to animate and move the loyal people of the Nation to fight for their country and its flag. The nations of Europe, schooled in the science of war, their faith and confidence in the stability of their systems firmly fixed by the decrees of history and the issues of an hundred wars, rich, proud and powerful, turned their eyes upon the spectacle of the opening conflict with ominous prophecies of defeat and disintegration, but these predictions were soon succeeded by wonder and amazement, as the armies of the Republic rapidly assumed the proportions and character of a standing army in numbers, discipline, and efficiency. But said they, "the Republic must fail in resources to equip and maintain such an army and prosecute so expensive a war." Thanks be to that little band of God-fearing men who had fled from the persecutions of kings and found a home on the inhospitable shores of New England, that they planted the seed of human freedom so carefully and covered it so deeply with the determined purpose of Puritan faith, that it had become ineradicably rooted in the hearts of the people, and down into the very soil of the Republic.

"Amidst the storm they sang,
The stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free."

The supremest blessings of the war, and the crowning glory of the soldier of the Republic, do not lie in the merely physical advantages that have flowed from it; they are of a higher and more far-reaching character, and concern the future welfare and stability of the Republic, upon which all its institutions, whether of government or material enterprise, depend.

Under the fostering protection of our system of government the country had during its brief existence grown rich, prosperous and happy. Yet the national character was tainted with a great crime against humanity, and the country was without a certain and fixed tenure of national existence. The final issue of the war, to secure which you, my comrades, contributed your manly strength, and pledged your sacred honors, wiped out that dark stain of dishonor, and gave to the Republic a full and rounded national manhood, one country and one flag, a constellation of

sovereign states united and indivisible. The war served another equally high purpose by elevating us to a still higher plane of intellectual growth. Isolated as we were before the war from any general intercourse with the older and more polished civilizations of Europe, and whatever we enjoyed being mainly of a purely commercial character, we had grown up wedded to our idols, and what Europeans would call provincial in thought and habit. We were not unknown to literature, for we had Irving, and Hawthorne, and Holmes, and Holland, and Taylor, and Bryant, and Whittier, and Longfellow, and Emerson; in art we had a few worthily known to fame, and in science, some of the brightest stars that have thrown their penetrating light into great Nature's hidden mysteries and forces. With the war came wealth to all who wooed fortune's favors. With the acquisition of more evenly distributed wealth came a universal desire to travel, before which the gates of foreign lands flew open, and thousands of our countrymen thronged the streets of the great cities of Europe and her places of historic interest. Some went to observe, some for pleasure, some from idle curiosity, and some to study. While we incurred the severest criticisms of the refined circles in those countries, and the better class of our countrymen were unjustly represented, yet it has not been without incalculable benefit to us as a people. The mere friction of contact with another civilization excites a spirit of emulation and broadens the higher ambitions and purposes. Vast sums were expended in works of art, and in the rare and unique products of the great workshops of Europe. Thus a taste for the beautiful began to spread through the land, and this in its turn inspired new and more refined intellectual aspirations. To him who during the past twenty years has been at all observant of the progress of the American people in intellectual culture and refinement of taste, it has been truly marvelous. And for this advancement to a higher standard of mental excellence we are indebted to the quickening influences of the war. While we find these great compensations in what is an acknowledged national calamity, we must not forget the overshadowing evils which war's demoralizing effects entail upon a people. It should be the duty of every true citizen to address himself to the great work of eradicating those evils and false doc-

trines that have crept into the administration of public affairs, and which tend to corrupt our social life. The country needs the earnest efforts of its best citizens to bring the government back to its original purity. "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people." What these evils and false doctrines are, this is neither the time nor the place to discuss. Each man of you in your own heart knows what they are.

Neither should we permit ourselves to indulge in too much vain glory and boasting. We owe whatever of greatness and prosperity we enjoy as a nation to the practice in the affairs of government of the homely virtues of economy and honesty, and adherence to the principles of democratic simplicity, which we have inherited from the fathers of the Republic. In the future, as in the past, they must be our hope and our reliance, and we must not, if we would perpetuate the Republic, depart from them.

This day, my comrades, set apart for the expression of the Nation's sorrow and veneration for its valiant dead, appeals to you with unusual sadness, and its associations and memories reawaken the griefs that but lately wrung your hearts. When the unwelcome tidings reached us of the tragic shot of which our illustrious comrade, President Garfield, was the unhappy victim, our shocked senses revolted with sickening and deadly grief; it seemed as though the earth stood aghast in space, and the Nation's pulse had ceased to beat. As Bedford, stricken by the king's death, exclaimed :

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets, importing change of time and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death."

So fifty million loyal people cried out in yet more consuming sorrow, that so good, so pure, so noble a man should be so cruelly slain. In the supreme hour of grief, and through the long weary days of suspense, when his great soul hovered 'twixt life and the grim realms of death, the Nation's heart beat responsive to but a single thought, and the prayers of the just ascended to the throne of the Most High with but a single supplication; but the immeasurable love of the Nation could not save the idol enshrined

in the affections of the people. While he yet lived and wrestled in his God-like strength with the dark angel of death, you, my comrades, were almost stunned by the crushing weight of a still greater personal grief; a comrade-in-arms, the noblest in all the land, beloved of the Nation, honored by princes, chivalrous, valiant and gentle, was stricken down in the strength of his glorious manhood and in the midst of a brilliant career of honor and usefulness. His majestic form, his winning smile and magnetic presence were familiar sights upon your streets and in your homes for many years before he was summoned hence to the soldier's eternal camping-ground, which lies beyond the scenes of this world's strifes and troubles. It is enough alone for Bristol's fame that he lived and died by the shining waters that break in murmuring requiem upon the now desolate shores of his loved Edghill. When we are dead, and our graves shall become neglected and forgotten, his countrymen, and strangers from abroad, who have read the story of the hero of Newberne and Knoxville, will make pilgrimages to his quaint home beneath the shadows of Mount Hope, and do homage to his illustrious name. I shall never forget, while memory lasts, that glorious morning preceding the battle on the heights of Fredericksburg. A thousand battle-flags, rent and shot-torn, waved in the soft air of the beautiful December morning, and the burnished arms and equipments of the vast hosts shone resplendent beneath the bright rays of the rising sun. A thousand bugle-notes, musical and clear, pierced the still air. These, with the rattling drums and the hoarse cries of command, were the only sounds that broke the stillness, save the steady tramp of the hurrying squad and advancing regiments. When the troops had formed, and the war-worn veterans of the grand Army of the Potomac stood in serried columns, grim and defiant, ready to hurl themselves upon the waiting foe on the heights beyond, as I gazed on this never-to-be-forgotten scene of pomp and circumstance of war, it seemed to me that I had never before beheld so grand a sight. Suddenly I heard a great shout far up the line; nearer and yet nearer it came, until it could be heard passing from lip to lip, "Old Birney is coming! Old Birney is coming!" Mounted on his grand old war-horse, on which he sat every inch a king,

and followed by a brilliant staff, came General Burnside galloping down the line. Never before had I listened to such shouts of affection and confidence, or witnessed such transports of joy as welcomed our illustrious comrade, who was in command of that historic and valiant army. In that moment of supremest ecstacy of enthusiasm I felt compensated for all the hardships and sufferings of a soldier's life. I realized in that moment that the affection and confidence of the Old Guard for the great Napoleon was not a fiction, but a romance of fact. No one saw our comrade but to love him, and so striking was his presence that to see him once was to ever after know him. No man among the fifty millions of his countrymen was more widely known and universally recognized and loved. Little children recognized him on the street, and in joyful accents spoke his name. I shall never forget when the tidings of his death became known upon the streets of my home; how strong men turned pale, looked in each other's eyes and could not hide their tears. Children paused in their sports, and grief filled the hearts of all. His venerable colleague of the Senate, who had learned to love him as a brother, stricken by his sudden taking off, bowed beneath the crushing blow, and

“ His tears run down his beard like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds.”

Burnside was preëminently a man of the people. Reared in the midst of poverty, as Garfield had been, he understood their needs, and his generous nature was always in sympathy with them in their distress and their sufferings, and in their honest efforts to elevate their condition. The people loved his open, frank, and generously truthful nature, and trusted him with a confidence that was beyond all parallel. The young cadet, who in sportive mischief invaded the strict discipline of the Academy at West Point, foreshadowed the magnanimous character of the man. “I did it,” said the cadet, “I am alone to blame.”

“For the failure in the attack I am responsible,” said the commanding general of a repulsed but not defeated army. Garfield and Burnside were in many respects alike. Both were sincerely devoted to principle and were conscientious in the discharge of public duty. Burnside was less a partisan than Garfield; not that

he loved his party less or his country more than Garfield, but his generously impulsive nature chafed under the restraints of precedent and party discipline when they stood between him and the accomplishment of a just end and purpose. They were each of them magnificent types of American manhood. The Nation honors itself as it strews fragrant flowers upon their freshly covered graves, still wet with the tears of a sorrowing people. While we recall the virtues and great services of those who are known to fame, we are not unmindful of those who in the ranks bravely did a soldier's duty and found a soldier's grave, or lived to see the fruition of their work, and then died in the quiet and repose of peace. In the observance of these impressive rites there is neither rank nor titles; we are all comrades doing honor to the memory of our hero dead. In the quiet and peaceful valleys and by the banks of the shining rivers of the sunny South, where the red tide of battle ebbed and flowed, and the roar and crash of conflict rent the trembling heavens, now peacefully sleep the nameless heroes of the blue and the gray. The sun in the heavens looks down and smiles upon a reunited country, now prosperous and happy. While, therefore, with reverent steps we bear our floral tributes to where sleep our precious dead, and tenderly place them upon their cherished graves, "With malice towards none, but with charity for all," let us invoke the sweet spirit of forgiveness; for are we not one people, with one country and one flag?

Permit me for a moment to refer to those who, although they did not share the hardships and perils of a soldier's life, yet in a more peaceful sphere performed a service without which the Nation must have perished. While the soldier was the more conspicuous figure towards which the anxious eyes of the Nation were turned when the issue of the great conflict hovered on the uncertain borders of victory and defeat, and while history accords him the glory with which the arms of the Republic were at length crowned, yet the soldier, in common with the impartial observers of the times, is not unmindful of the patriotic zeal, the untiring efforts and generous sacrifices of the American people in behalf of the national cause. The soldier looks back over the smiling, happy years of peace that lie between the present and the dark days of the Republic's peril, when he jauntily pinned his life upon

his sleeve, as one would toss his cap in air, and plunged into the wild storm of battle, and his chivalrous heart throbs with grateful emotion as he recalls those long, weary years of suspense and anxious waiting, during which the great heart of the Nation was a shield of strength and comfort to him amid the hardships and perils of the soldier's life. When he poised his rifle or grasped his sword-hilt amid the roar and carnage of the fight, or when he lay shot-torn and bleeding on the field, or languishing in prison or hospital, his arm grew stronger and his heart stouter at the thought that in him were centered the hopes of a nation. He knew that while he was periling his life in the service of his country the prayers of a great people were ascending for his safety and deliverance, and that the noble men and women of his country were caring for and comforting the dear ones whom he had left for his country's sake. The tireless zeal and the generous self-sacrificing efforts of the great body of the loyal American people, in raising, organizing and equipping troops, and providing for the soldier's loved ones, and the noble humanity of the American women who ministered, with the gentle tenderness of their sex, to the sick and dying soldier, are treasured in his heart as deeply and strongly as the current of his life. History has recorded their noble work in less glowing sentences than it has the war-like deeds of the soldier, but their services were hardly less effective in compassing the enemies of the national life. All honor be to the memory of the noble men and women of the Republic who contributed to the Nation's cause or ministered to the soldier's needs. They have their reward in the grateful remembrances of the Republic's defenders and in a country restored.

This quaint old town, now wooed by the summer's sun and the gentle south winds, beneath whose sweet, refreshing breath the arching trees, musical with the songs of birds, bend their blooming branches, casts off its mantle of age, and in the freshness and fragrance of vernal loveliness presents a picture of landscape, and dancing wave, and of sky, surpassingly beautiful and fair. Of these Bristol may well be proud, but prouder still of a history that goes back to the centuries before the Puritan settlement of New England, to where tradition in shadowy lines traces the civilization of the adventurous Norseman, in the rude struc-

tures which he reared, and in the language of the dusky native. Here was the home of the bravest and the noblest warrior of the Indian race. The sons of Bristol did valiant service for their country in its earlier days. Out upon the lovely blue waters of yonder bay, and almost within a cannon-shot of this spot, liberty-loving men of Providence, aided by the brave sons of Bristol, "all men of metal true," on the evening of June the ninth, 1772, struck the first blow for Freedom's cause, that opened the great struggle for human liberty upon this continent, by the capture and burning of the "Gaspee." Her Byfield, her Church, her DeWolf, her Bradford, her Babbitt, and her Burnside, have given her a fame as imperishable as history, while her Bosworths, her Bournes, her Griswolds, her Dimans, her Bullocks, and her Blakes, and a score of others in the higher walks of civil and military life, shed lustre on her ancient name. But when she unfolds the numerous rolls whereon are inscribed the names of those whom she delights to honor, and whose memories she justly reveres, there is none that inspires in the hearts of her children a truer yet sadder pride than the roll of her valiant dead who served their country in the hour of its greatest peril. My comrades, let us stand in the solemn presence which their names invoke, and with sorrowing hearts and reverent lips call the roll of your precious dead.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead.

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom,
 Can dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb."

ROLL OF HONOR.

JOSEPH ALGER.	HENRY F. GLADDING.	GEORGE MAXFIELD.
ROBERT ANDERSON.	ISAAC GORHAM.	JAMES M. MUNRO.
	WM. T. GORHAM.	
JACOB BABBITT.	GEO. W. GLADDING.	SIMEON A. NEWMAN.
ADAM J. BENNETT.		
AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.	ISAAC H. HOAR.	GEORGE M. PIERCE.
HENRY F. BUSH.	ROBERT HANERWELL.	ALLEN PIERCE.
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